The Sketch

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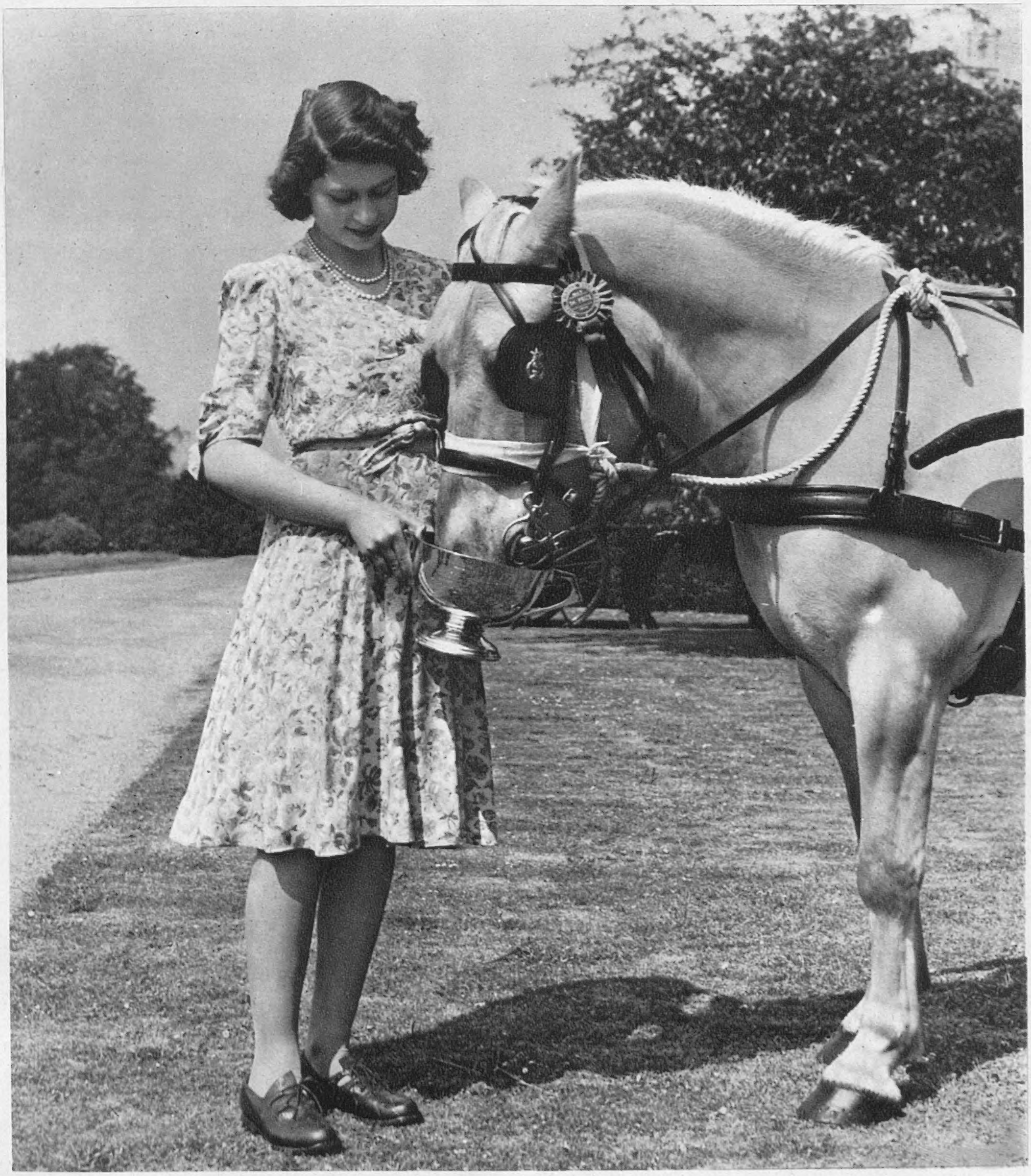

ROYAL WINNER.

At the recent Windsor Horse Show PRINCESS ELIZABETH *was a winner in the non-hackney section of the private driving class. With Princess Margaret as passenger, she drove Hans, a dun Norwegian pony, in a French chaise given in 1876 by King Edward, then Prince of Wales, to the Princess of Wales. The cup was handed to the Princesses by the Duke of Beaufort. There was a large entry in this class.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO LISA.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Non-Starter. I'm sorry, but I am of no use whatever to "my public" this week. I haven't been across the Channel in a duck. I haven't dropped from the skies on to Rommel's headquarters. I haven't had a heart-to-heart chat with Monty on the beach. By some strange oversight, Mr. Churchill did not invite me to join him in a visit to French seaside resorts. It's a pity, because, as I shall explain in a moment, I could have told him something about the topography—e.g., where to find the best roulette-table at Deauville, and where you can get the best *langouste* and *moules marinières* in Normandy. I also consider myself something of an authority on Calvados. But it is not for me to thrust myself forward, and if S.H.A.E.F. does not care to take advantage of my expert knowledge, the responsibility is not mine. The regrettable upshot is that I cannot tell you anything at first hand about the invasion. Therefore, if you are the intelligent reader that I take you to be, you will turn over to the pictures without wasting time.

"Trouble is, some of you people don't seem to realise there's a war on!"

DRAWN BY STARKE.

My Invasion. And yet I feel a certain personal interest in these vast military movements. Only a week before the outbreak of war I was in those parts where now the battle rages. I was bathing on one of those beaches where now (I should imagine) the boys are wading ashore and the ducks are waddling up and the tanks are crashing ashore. (No, Mr. Director-General of Intelligence, I have no snapshots except of a purely domestic nature—and when I say purely, I mean purely.) I spent some of my time adding to the substantial prosperity of the *direction* by making voluntary charitable contributions to the *boule* table at the comic little local casino. Little did I think that five years later it would be part of a great arena of war—blood and sand, only too literally. There was not very much sand. I fear there has been a lot of blood.

No Place Like Home. But if the battle was not going to be exactly there, it was clearly going to be somewhere. The war-clouds were blowing up and only a blind man could fail to see them. But the blind were many. When Poland was obviously about to be invaded, we debated whether we should abandon our holiday and place ourselves on the right side of the Channel. We decided that we had lived through scares before, and could probably live through this one too. Next morning, when we woke, we *knew* that we had made the wrong decision, and we began to pack up. Our *hôtelier*—a smart fellow, a Reserve officer and mayor of the town—was inexpressibly pained and shocked. He kept on chanting: "*Pas de guerre, pas de guerre—c'est impossible!*" So said all the inhabitants. Looking back on it, one realises how deeply the Maginot-complex had bitten into their psychology. We thought it better not to put our trust in Maginot or in the manœuvres of any further appeasement.

La Même Chose. The journey back was a hideous scramble, but we did not complain of that, for at first it had seemed that we should not scramble back at all; and indeed, if we had left it any later, it is very possible that we should now be languishing in a concentration camp. Standing sardine-wise upon the deck of the boat, under a pelting rain, I looked my last upon the old France that we all loved so much, and wondered when I should see it again. I still wonder. Others are seeing it now, and I hope they are finding some things which neither peace nor war can ever change. I have no doubt that the boys are already conversing fluently with the inhabitants in that

"I feel you must meet our own P.C. Perkins, a tower of strength to the snow-white and the terror of all blackguards." (DRAWN BY HAILSTONE.)

SALVAGE ALL YOUR OLD LETTERS—FOR VICTORY

lingua franca which we brought to such a high pitch between 1914 and 1918. The Sergeant Cook, I doubt not, is still astonishing the Faithful by buying cabbages *pour la messe*, and Tommy is still greeting matron and maid with the respectful salutation, *je t'aime*. History does, I suppose, repeat itself—but with variations.

A Fine Body of Men. We certainly have not lacked lately the raw materials of history. No battle since time began has ever been accompanied by such a volcanic outpouring of written and spoken words. The journalist, the commentator, the photographer and the official chronicler are now part of strategy, and they do a job which is second to none in excitement and daring. If it is necessary for them, in the execution of their duties, to drop from the skies or to charge with the vanguard—well, theirs not to reason why, theirs but to send home the copy, with the thrilling possibility of a "scoop" once in a while. Theirs too, sometimes, but to do and die. We are a fine body of men, we journalists. If you haven't noticed it, I'm telling you. Some of us go into action, and some of us sit at home and write "Motley Notes"; but both tasks require the highest qualities of fortitude and devotion to duty. We don't get many bouquets, and it is only right that we should hand ourselves a few now and then.

Back and Front. Kind words can never die, and I think a few can also be spared for the B.B.C., which is accustomed to words not so kind—and I dare say I have been guilty of some of them myself. Let us therefore acknowledge that Broadcasting House has risen to this occasion with great spirit, and has taken a place of honour in the Front Line. I will not pretend that I listen to all that the disembodied voices have to tell me, nor will I feign that they are all equally interesting and efficient; but, on the whole, they do keep the Home Front linked up with the Battle Front in a manner which has never been attempted before. That is right and proper, since it is all one Front nowadays. Back-Room Boys are to be found in the Front Parlour, for a General may find that he cannot make his plans without the help of a little (say) geology. Off go the professors and dons to bring back a specimen of soil from the battle area! It is a new type of Commando, but no less gallant than the others.

Down Under. There is such a wealth of information that I confess I sometimes become a little confused by it. For instance, what about that West Wall? Some of the correspondents tell me that it is all a gigantic bluff—that it does not exist, and never has existed, except in the imagination of Hitler and Dr. Todt. Others describe in detail an underground world rather reminiscent of "Chu Chin Chow," with lounges and banqueting-halls and stables and kennels. In this conflict of evidence, my guess is that there is, or was, a very substantial series of concrete catacombs, though I have never been able to believe that it was on the Maginot scale. Fritz was always a master of field engineering, and even in distant days he had tons of concrete over his head when we had nothing but a sheet of corrugated iron and a sprinkling of sandbags. Very clever and industrious of him, but I wonder whether subterranean burrowing is, in the long run, a good habit for the soldier? It does not seem to have worked very well in Italy.

"*Who* wants to see two thousand Forts? I want to see a doodle-bomb!"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

"She always said she'd rather die natural than go to 'ospital."

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

Down with Patriotism! I observe that our troops have been behaving in their usual unpatriotic manner, and it must excite nothing but contempt in the expansive breast of a true son of the Fatherland like Marshal Goering. It is reported that some of our airborne troops went off to battle singing the Horst Wessel Song! Now, with the utmost stretch of imagination I cannot conceive the Prussian Guard going into action singing "Rule, Britannia." They have a stronger sense of the fitting in the German Army; you would never find them telling the world, to the strains of a favourite hymn-tune, that they were a ragtime Army, a very fine lot were they, they could not fight, they could not shoot, what purple good were they. What sort of fighting spirit could be expected from men who

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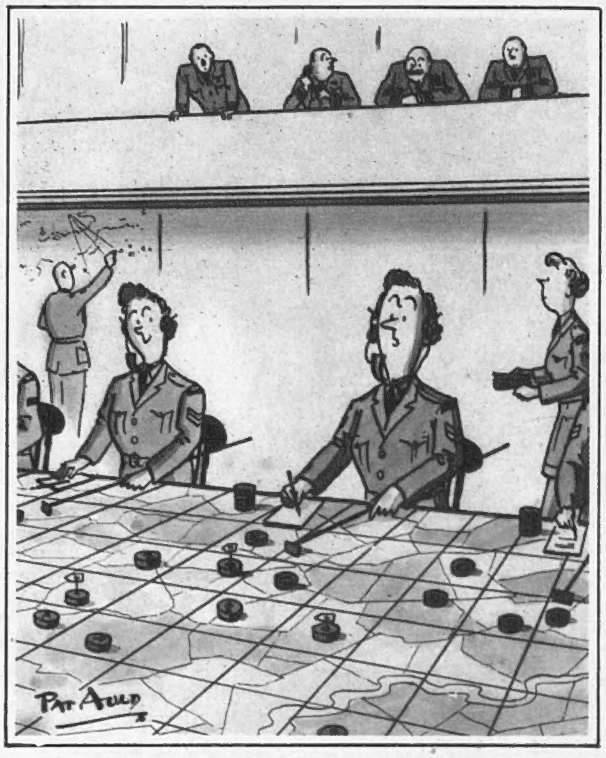
openly begged heaven to send me father, send me mother, send me sister or send me brother, but for Gawsake don't send me? *Punch* once actually thought it *funny* that a Sergeant-Major should say to a recruit, who had enthusiastically decorated his tunic with a buttonhole Union Jack: "Orf with that, me lad! You try to remember that you're in the British Army now—and we don't want none of your purple patriotism *'ere*!" I don't think the Führer would think it at all funny if an Oberfeldwebel uttered such a shameful sentiment.

No Martyrs Need Apply. It is interesting that the Forces should have taken up the Horst Wessel Song. I hope it is a good tune, but I am ashamed to confess that I would not recognise it if I heard it. Nay, more, I have only a vague idea who Horst Wessel was and what he did. I understand that he was a martyr, and it always strikes me as an advantage, from our point of view, that the Nazis can find no better martyr than a person who will be entirely forgotten in a few years' time. That is why I have always been thankful that we did not Hang the Kaiser, as a number of excitable persons wanted to do. We should merely have made a national hero of a very trumpery person, who met a far more appropriate fate by sinking into obscurity and being revealed in all his emptiness. Better, for the enemies of mankind, deserved oblivion than undeserved immortality.

"Drat these pre-fabricated houses!"

DRAWN BY H. E. PATERSON.



"Queen's Pawn to Q4, Kt. to KB3? I don't get it." (DRAWN BY PAT AULD.)

The Last Straw. It is an unprofitable business dwelling on "the horrors of modern warfare," but there are some of them which wring the heart almost intolerably. Men can face battle, murder and sudden death, but to ask them to face sea-sickness as well is trying flesh and blood too high. An invasion barge is not, in any circumstances, a luxury liner, but in a rough sea—well, imagination boggles. Without lingering on gruesome details, I mention, as an example of the refinements of Organisation, that every man was provided with a paper bag. Unless I am greatly mistaken, a good deal of brisk badinage must have centred round that homely "issue." The seafarers were not alone in their sufferings. Apparently the chops of the Channel are nothing to the behaviour of a glider even in the calmest weather. Here science came to the rescue and immunised the glidee with sedative drugs. It is to be hoped that in future these magic drops will be a charm for all the human race against *mal de mer* as well as for *mal d'air*.

"You May Talk o' Gin and Beer." Fortunately, there were more cheerful issues than precautionary paper bags and "settling" drugs. There was a time when the iron ration lived up to its name, and indeed surpassed it, for it was a very tough sort of iron which could compare with those biscuits which were supposed to sustain life in extremity. But now the Spearheads carry with them a new kind of "square" meal—a little cube or pellet of miraculous substance which, if coaxed, turns into a plate of succulent Irish stew. No more of those unwieldy tins of Bully (glad though we were to have them), but a life-giving tabloid containing all the scientific elements of a balanced diet! Well, it is good to know that science can nourish as well as destroy. I wonder if it has yet invented dehydrated *water*—I mean a tabloid which, suitably treated, will turn into a gallon of drinking-water. That would indeed be a revolution in warfare, for "when it comes to slaughter You'll do your work on water," and it is a clumsy substance to handle, unless you have an unlimited supply of Gunga Dins. It is awkward that you need H_2O in order to rehydrate the dehydrated; but it is exactly little difficulties like that which we expect science to overcome.

And Fizz. France, however, has always taken a sensible view about water, discouraging it as an unwholesome and, indeed, a dangerous beverage. There are still, let us hope, other liquids left in Normandy which have escaped the rapacity of the conqueror. I read of cobwebbed bottles being produced from secret recesses of cellars and of champagne being sold at ten francs a bottle. It sounds like fairyland—but I have my doubts. Erstwhile I have met, in *estaminets*, that ten-franc champagne; it was marvellously bedizened with gold foil—but it had never seen Rheims, and its *mousse* was pumped into it from a cylinder of gas. But on Operations you are not so choosy; and it may be that nowadays the troops are even charitable towards *estaminet* beer. It is conceivable that they even say that it reminds them of home!

"Will you accept a cheque for my buttonhole?"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

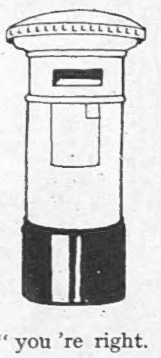
The ninety-second of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"'OW AM I DOIN', ALF?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—I know you want an ordinary gossipy letter from your Home Town, but it is difficult to write one this week. We can hear the big naval guns booming away across the Channel, and all our thoughts and our prayers are over there with you all.

On D-night, when the firing began and the 'planes were roaring overhead, I woke Charles up. "Charles," I said, "it 's begun."

"Nonsense," said Charles. "Target practice."

"It sounds different. And the 'planes are so low."

Charles listened, and the old house gave a creak and a shudder. Then he got out of bed and we looked out of the window. The sky was full of coloured lights. Charles sighed. "Yes," he said, "you 're right. It has begun."

"Oh, Charles!"

"Now, don't get in a fuss," said Charles, clambering back into bed.

"I feel useless."

"So do I, by God!" said Charles. "But it can't be helped. We 're too old to take an active part in this show, Henrietta, and running round the place with our eyes sticking out isn't going to help anybody. Thank the Lord we 've both got plenty of work to do," and having delivered himself of this sound advice, he pulled the sheet up to his chin and fell asleep.

"Fetched another eiderdown from the spare room."

I lay awake listening to his gentle snores and wishing, not for the first time, that I had the same sane and steady disposition as my husband. The house kept on creaking and shuddering and the 'planes zoomed over the chimney-pots. I tried not to think of the Linnet's Philip, and you, and the others, and planned a Summer holiday in which we were all together and very happy, with the sun shining all the time. "Escapism," whispered a voice, so I stopped planning the Summer holiday and got up and fetched another eiderdown from the spare room, for the night seemed to have turned suddenly cold.

Lady B. rang up in the morning, and said: "I 've dropped two plates and a cup on the kitchen floor already, and I feel there is More To Come. How are you, Henrietta?"

"Cold."

"Read the first chapter of Joshua," said Lady B., and rang off.

I read the first chapter of Joshua and felt better for it, then I took my basket and went down the Street.

"The Second Front has begun!" said a lady from the Hotel. "Isn't it lovely? Now the War will soon be over and I 'll be able to have my car again!"

The Street seemed to be full of young wives with white, set faces, pushing perambulators. I longed to say something to them, but was afraid to. It still seemed very cold.

The Linnet came home to supper and sat on my knee. This always distresses me, for it means she is unhappy. It also deprives me of the use of my legs for several hours afterwards. Charles came home steady and sane. He said to the Linnet, "Your mother keeps wrapping herself in a rug and looking like a sick monkey." This made us all laugh and we had a drink and felt better. Lady B. rang up after supper and said: "Read the last bit of the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians." The Linnet and I read it together, and she said: "It steadies you, doesn't it?" and I said, "Yes." Then I went to see her off at the bus. As she was getting in, she turned round and said: "Put on some more woollies, Mummy." Her face looked very white as the bus turned the corner, and reminded me of the days when I used to see her off in the school train.

The next morning, determined not to be a sick monkey any more, I put on all my winter clothes and went down the hill whistling the waltz out of the Nutcracker Suite.

The first person I met was Mrs. Whinebite. "Henrietta!" she said in a shocked voice, "just fancy whistling at a Time Like This!"

"I——"

Mrs. Whinebite looked at me coldly. "Of course, your son is in Palestine," she said, "but you might have a little consideration for the Feelings of Others."

"I 'm sorry," I said, and crept away feeling ashamed.

As I turned the corner, I ran straight into the Admiral. "God bless my soul!" he said. "What a long face!"

I smiled weakly.

"You mustn't go about looking like that at a Time Like This, Henrietta," he said. "Think how depressing it is for other people."

To-morrow, I think, I shall do the shopping in my gas-mask.

George, our American friend, arrived here a week or two ago in a Jeep, and with quantities of luggage.

"My dear George," I said, running out into the Yard, "have you come to live with us?"

"No, I 've come to say good-bye. I was wondering whether you and Charles would mind very much if we parked a few things in your attic. It 's Boots mostly."

"My dear George," I said, "we would be proud," and I meant it, for George's Regiment was once Cavalry, and when their horses were finally reft from them they clung sadly to their Boots, even bringing them across the Atlantic with them, and taking them out and singing to them from time to time.

"The Linnet came home to supper and sat on my knee."

I took George and the suit-cases up to the attic, which Charles and I have emptied three times because of incendiary bombs, but which always seems to fill up again almost immediately.

"You see?" said George, unlocking one of the suit-cases and taking out a Boot.

"Beautiful," I said reverently, for Charles has taught me to appreciate a good riding-boot when I see one. "You don't want them rubbed with banana skins or anything, do you?"

"No, no. Just leave them in their cases. This pair belongs to Big Feet."

"I shall be able to creep inside if we have bad air raids."

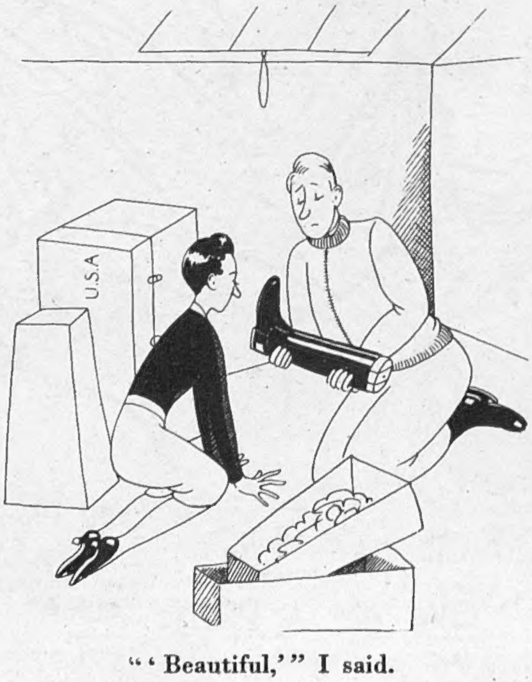
But George wasn't laughing at my jokes that day. He stood up. "Good-bye, Henrietta," he said. "You, and Charles and the Linnet——" He made a vague gesture with his hands. "I shall treasure the memory of your friendship till I die."

"Oh, George!"

We walked downstairs hand-in-hand. In the hall I kissed him and said "God bless you." George said, "I 'll write to you from Paris." Then he said, "Whoo-hoo," and waggled his behind as he walked up the steps to the yard.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

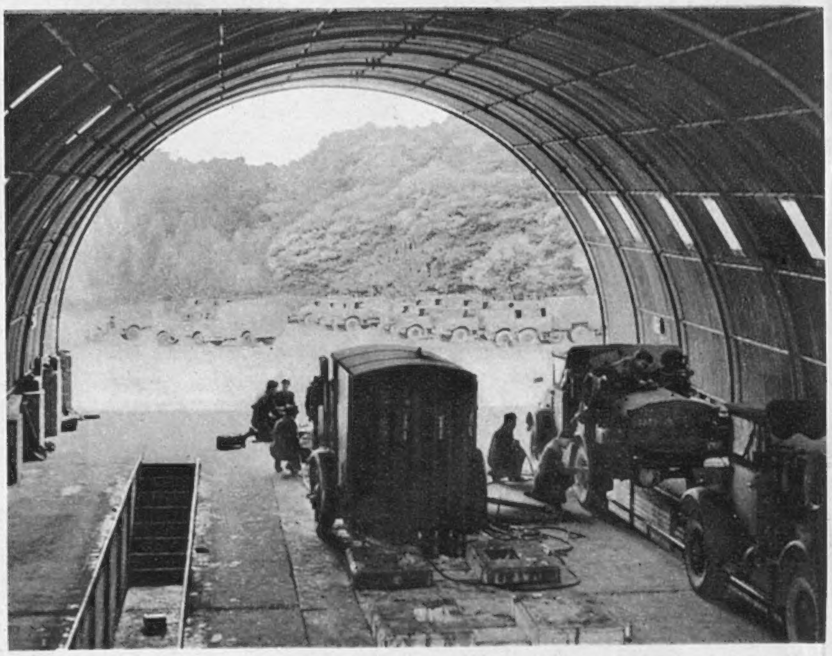


"'Beautiful,'" I said.

"HOOTS, LASSIE! IT'S THE BEST CLOTH, AND NO COUPONS!"

" Hoots, lassie ! " is, no doubt, what PIPE-MAJOR W. MACCONNACHIE *said when he became aware of the very close interest which this Roman girl was taking in his kilt, but whether he could succeed in making her understand that it was all the best cloth and no coupons is doubtful. When the picture was taken, Pipe-Majors Macconnachie and Boyd were that taken up wi' the grand ruins of the Coliseum that they couldna be fashed to look ahint them at what a wee bit lassie might be doing. Pipe-Major Macconnachie's " The Roads that Lead to Rome " was one of the new compositions played for the first time by the massed pipe bands of three famous Scottish regiments when they marched through Rome on D-Day, June 6.*

SUBALTERN ELIZABETH JARDINE, *elder daughter of Major-General Sir Colin Jardine, C.B., D.S.O., Director of Army Welfare, is Entertainments Officer, A.T.S. She joined in 1939 as a cook.*



" INVASION GIRLS " *of the A.T.S. help to keep up our Second Front supplies. Their task is to service vehicles, and when ready for the road to convoy them to embarkation points.*

Right : MISS MARGARET PILKINGTON, J.P., *has gone overseas as leader of the first British Guide International Service team for Relief Work. All members are trained Guiders and have gone through a special and arduous course.*

MARLENE DIETRICH *and* IRVING BERLIN *have been entertaining the troops in Italy. Here they are at a Fifth Army Mobile Radio station, where they put on a special programme for the Allied Armies in the area.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, *President of Alexandra Rose Day Fund, visited a number of selling centres in London on Rose Day. She is seen at St. Mary's, Paddington, with* SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING, *discoverer of penicillin.*

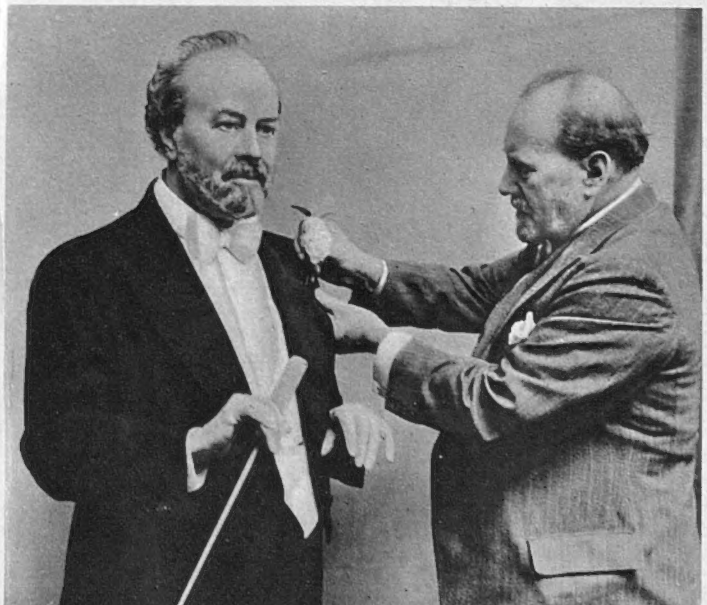
SOME PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

LIEUT.-COMMANDER R. L. STRINA, R.C.N.V.R., *was in charge of the party of naval officers who took over the Italian Admiralty when the Allies entered Rome.* LIEUT. C. N. G. ORTON, R.N.V.R., *is with him.*

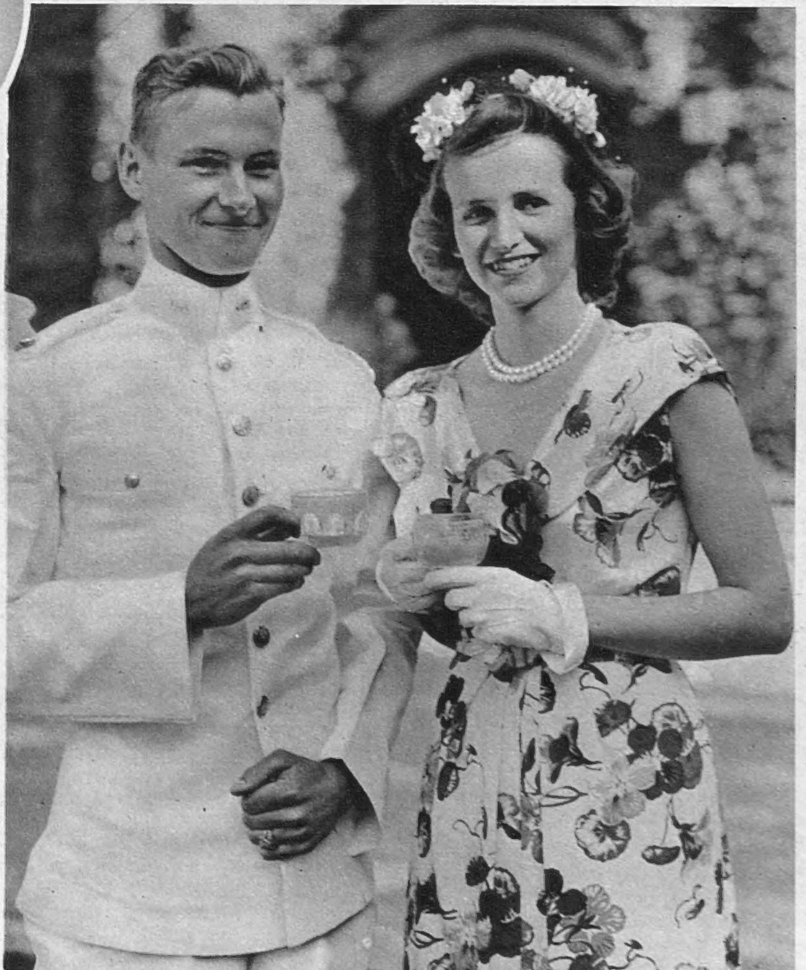
GENERAL MONTGOMERY *welcomed* GENERAL DE GAULLE *when he made his historic landing in Normandy on June 14, the first time he had stepped on French soil since the Germans occupied his country.*

MISS PATRICIA VESTEY, *elder daughter of the late Mr. Percy C. Vestey, is engaged to Lieut. W. R. Servaes, R.N., only son of Acting Rear-Admiral R. M. Servaes, C.B.E., and Mrs. Servaes.*

LADY PILE *is the wife of General Sir Frederick Pile, Bart., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., the G.O.C. Anti-Aircraft Command. Since the war she has been working at a Y.M.C.A. canteen.*



And here SIR HENRY WOOD *is buttonholing himself—or, rather, his own effigy in wax at Madame Tussaud's. The veteran musician is conducting at his Jubilee season of Promenade concerts at the Albert Hall.*



MISS ELIZABETH BRADLEY, *daughter of Lieut.-General Omar Bradley, Commander of the U.S. Army in the Field under General Eisenhower, married* CADET HENRY S. BEUKEMA, *son of Col. and Mrs. Herman Beukema, at the U.S. Military Academy, West Point.*

THEIR JOBS AND THEIR ROMANCES.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"THE WAY AHEAD" (at the Odeon, Leicester Square), directed by Carol Reed, starring David Niven, and very ably written by Eric Ambler and Peter Ustinov — all Army men—is a superb and authoritative account of the training of a bunch of civilians into invasion soldiers. It recounts the experiences of an infantry platoon from their call-up to the day they go into action. It is funny, touching, human, perceptive, and exciting. It is psychologically true and artistically stimulating. It does for the Army what Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve" did for the Navy. From first to last, it seldom puts a foot down wrong.

Besides David Niven, who plays the officer, the cast includes Billy Hartnell, John Laurie, Jimmy Hanley and Stanley Holloway. All of them give impeccable performances in parts that demand gravamen as well as humour, reticence as well as showmanship. Thanks to these men and others like them, thanks to a perceptive script and a wise director, "The Way Ahead" is a film that persistently stays with you, and has a way of making most of the Hollywood war films look like a bunch of nursery rhymes.

THE BEST PLAYS.

Starred by "The Sketch." *** *=highest value.*

*** "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Penelope Ward, Joyce Carey, Nicholas Parker.

*** "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" (*Duke of York's*). 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

*** "UNCLE HARRY" (*Garrick*). Victorian gas-light murder thriller, with Michael Redgrave and Beatrix Lehmann.

** "THE DANCING YEARS" (*Adelphi*). Ivor Novello's romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" (*Palace*). Musical, with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge.

** "PANAMA HATTIE" (*Piccadilly*). Musical comedy, with Bébé Daniels, Richard Hearne, Max Wall, Ivan Brandt, Claude Hulbert.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (*Globe*). Rattigan's inter-allied complications without tears. Jane Baxter, Ronald Squire, Hugh McDermott.

** "SWEETER AND LOWER" (*Ambassadors*). Second edition of "Sweet and Low" revue: Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall.

** "THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT" (*Aldwych*). Wonderful acting by the Lunts in Robert Sherwood play.

** "THE LISBON STORY" (*Hippodrome*). Play with music.

* "QUIET WEEK-END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

* "THE LILAC DOMINO" (*His Majesty's*). Revived, with Pat Taylor, Leo Franklyn, Bernard Clifton, Elizabeth French.

* "A SOLDIER FOR CHRISTMAS" (*Vaudeville*). Light comedy: Joyce Barbour, Robert Beatty.

* "THE GIPSY PRINCESS" (*Saville*). Revival, with new "book." Tessa Deane.

* "MEET ME VICTORIA" (*Victoria Palace*). Cockney humour with Lupino Lane.

* "THIS WAS A WOMAN" (*Comedy*). Sonia Dresdel, John Bryning, Nova Pilbeam in effective melodrama.

* SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON (*New*). Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn. Constant Lambert and Alec Sherman conduct.

* BALLETS JOOSS (*Haymarket*). Four and a half weeks' season during suspension of "Love for Love."

* "THE LOVE RACKET" (*Princes*). High-speed musical with Arthur Askey and Carol Raye.

* "HOW ARE THEY AT HOME?" (*Apollo*). J. B. Priestley's topical comedy. Henry Hewitt, Jennifer Gray, Charles Groves.

* "THE QUAKER GIRL" (*Coliseum*). Celia Lipton, Ivy St. Helier, Billy Milton, Hal Bryan.

* "A NIGHT IN VENICE" (*Cambridge*). Strauss opera. Dennis Noble, Jerry Verno.

* "THE LAST OF SUMMER" (*Phœnix*). Kate O'Brien's novel dramatised; Fay Compton, Ada Reeve, Geoffrey Toone, Margaret Johnston.

* "THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY" (*Savoy*). Frederick Lonsdale revival, with Jack Buchanan, Coral Browne, Athene Seyler, Austen Trevor, Margaret Scudamore.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

They have turned the Prince of Wales Theatre over to films for a musical called "COVER GIRL." The chief thing that 's wrong with "Cover Girl," apart from a spot of bad taste here and there, is that Jerome Kern, who wrote the tunes, seems to have lost the knack of being tuneful. If you can be satisfied with music that is just a background to dancing; if you don't ask for a too nice discrimination in writing and performance; if you simply want to relax with a gay show for an hour or so, you 'll probably find what you 're looking for in "Cover Girl."

It is a big, glossy show, with some ingeniously arranged numbers, and quite a considerable flair for using Technicolor theatrically. The story is a nothing about a simple night-club dancer (Rita Hayworth), who loses her head when she gets on to the cover of a fashionable magazine, and fancies she prefers Broadway to Brooklyn, and a sleek Broadway producer to an honest Brooklyn hoofer (Gene Kelly). Of course, she doesn't really, and of course you mustn't either. Miss Hayworth, who looks indomitably decorative, and Mr. Kelly, who dresses up fetchingly too, do some neat and effective dancing together, and the number in which Mr. Kelly dances with his own conscience is something special. There is also a comedian named Phil Silvers, who appears rather frequently, and who would be excruciatingly funny if he were half as funny as he and his colleagues appear to think he is.

If "Cover Girl" is the most decorative, "UP IN ARMS" (Empire and Regal) is certainly the most active of the new musical shows. "Up In Arms" has got everything, from Technicolor to a man barking like a dog, and keeps it coming relentlessly at you. Like most of the chic modern shows of its kind, it has a wartime background. That is to say, it is about a hypochondriac liftman, who gets caught in the draft, struggles with love and military training, gets into trouble with the officers, and winds up as a hero in the Pacific. The male extras are dressed in olive and drab, and their faces have the ruddy glow of Technicolor army life. The Devastating Goldwyn Girls are there too, in some kind of snug Army nurses' uniform, singing a patriotic number about doing something with freedom to the skies, and relaxing on the sun-deck of a troopship in the newest line of Florida beachwear.

Even the dialogue has its solemn moments. The screen-play writers—a Mr. Don Hartman, a Mr. Allen Boretz, and a Mr. Robert Pirosh—are obviously not unaware of their responsibilities to democracy. At one point, for example, when the general turmoil quietens down for an instant, one character is distinctly heard to whisper to another character: "Joe, do you really think it 'll be a better world?" And you feel that the Messrs. Hartman, Boretz and Pirosh are right there with him, urging him on, in his simple, manly assurance, "I 'm sure of it."

Nevertheless, "Up In Arms" is mainly comic in intention, and your attitude towards it will probably depend, in the final instance, on what you feel about Danny Kaye, the new comedian from Broadway. There are other stars in the picture besides Mr. Kaye. Dinah Shore croons a number or two. Constance Dowling and Dana Andrews are involved in a sketchy love-affair. But the main attraction is presumably Danny Kaye, and there is an awful lot of him.

He is a tall, tireless young man with an enormous repertoire of gags, antics, impersonations and notions, which he has used successfully on the New York stage, and seems determined to work into the film somehow. When Army life seems likely to cramp his style, he simply dreams up a notion, or falls into a fit of delirium, in which anything goes. His line is perpetual movement. He appears to believe that if you keep on going long enough and hard enough, making faces, cutting capers, imitating dogs, Irishmen, Scotsmen, *ingénues* and Japanese generals, and leaping about in a protracted state of frenzy, something good is bound to come of it. There is something in this idea, of course, and once or twice, when Mr. Pirosh or Mr. Boretz or Mr. Hartman gives Mr. Kaye some material to be funny with, Mr. Kaye does manage to be funny.

In "FOLLOW THE BOYS" (Leicester Square), Hollywood sends us a war-film in which it doesn't get maudlin about Army nurses, or marines, or factory hands, or Washington office workers. It gets maudlin about itself, for a change.

The musical is a glorification of the work of the boys and girls of the Profession in entertaining America's armed forces, at home and overseas. The hero is an organiser of Camp Shows—a strenuous occupation, as we can see, with little reward beyond the mere beauty of service—out in all weathers, tearing through the night in Pullman coaches, hustled from studio to camp concert to broadcasting station, working late hours at a desk, attending Victory Committees. Little rest and small glory (saving only, of course, such modest tributes as this picture) come to the organisers of Camp Shows. But the job has its compensations. Mr. Raft has merely to lift a telephone receiver and murmur, "Orson (or Jeanette, or Dinah), can you make it at the camp to-night at 7.30?" and there, prompt at 7.30, fresh and ready with an act, is Orson (or Jeanette, or Dinah) No star, however tired,

"The Eve of St. Mark" is due to open at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on July 7. Based on Anderson's successful play "What Price Glory?", the film reveals the impact of war on the finance and family of a typical American soldier. Above: Privates Glinka (STANLEY PRAGER) *and Shevlin* (HENRY MORGAN) *listen while Quizz* (WILLIAM EYTHE) *reads the C.O.'s letter telling them to evacuate a Philippine island, their position being untenable.*

ever says no to an organiser of Camp Shows, or says yes without a smile.

There are at least a dozen separate turns in "Follow the Boys," what with dance bands and singers, dancers and entertainers.

In "Hotel Réserve" (London Pavilion), JAMES MASON *as Peter Vadassy, Austrian refugee, and* CLARE HAMILTON *as American Mary Skelton are the two young people whose adventures in the South of France provide the story. Vadassy is taken for a spy through his photographic efforts, and the American girl is the only one who believes him innocent.*

Every once in a long while a turn comes up that really makes you sit up in your seat and pay attention. W. C. Fields, for instance, is back again with his battered cigar and seedy frock-coat, in a gloriously raffish variation of his celebrated billiards act. Orson Welles does nicely as a conjurer, nonchalantly lounging against the props, while a couple of soldiers from the audience saw Marlene Dietrich in half, under his direction. Jeanette MacDonald gives us a song from the days when they really *did* write songs for pictures—the old favourite "Beyond the Blue Horizon," still a good tune, still fresh as a daisy.

Between the turns of "Follow the Boys" there creeps a little, tiny story. This organiser of Camp Shows (George Raft) has married a dancer (Vera Zorina). He loves her very, very dearly, and *vice versa*. But their brains seem to be just about as small as their hearts are big. He is too dumb to tell her that he has been turned down by an Army medical board. She is too dumb to tell him that she is going to have a baby. So their marriage breaks up, and neither of them has the simple common sense to drop an explanatory post-card into the mail-box. He has to sail with an entertainment unit to Australia and be torpedoed, and she has to become the pride and joy of Dr. Somebody's Maternity Home, before the script can bring them together again, with help from the Otherwhere.

"IN OUR TIME" (Warners) is well-intentioned, but ill-named. It is a heavy, old-fashioned sort of film, over-burdened with dialogue, and entirely out of step with the aggressive mood of the moment.

At a guess, someone had been having a heavy all-night session with Chekhov, before he set out to drench his story and his actors in an atmosphere of gloomy grandeur. The setting of the film is Poland, just before and in the early days of the war. The odd moral seems to be that the Poles were a pretty stuffy lot of people by Hollywood standards. The Polish family particularly studied is that of young Count Stephen Orvid, which presumably has principles, but doesn't know how to adjust them, and certainly has lands, but doesn't know how to farm them.

Janet (ANNE BAXTER) *reads letters to her father* (RAY COLLINS) *and mother* (RUTH NELSON). *One is from Quizz himself and the other from his C.O., telling the story of his heroism.*

Along comes an English girl (Ida Lupino), who wins the Count's heart by immediately spotting the difference between "Chopang's" 11th and his 13th opus played on a musical watch. After stiff family opposition from the aristocratic mother (Nazimova), the aristocratic uncle (Victor Francen), and the sniffy sister (Nancy Coleman), she manages to marry him. By using Russian methods and American tractors, she has got the farm working on a sound co-operative basis by the time the Germans bomb Warsaw, and the Count goes off to be a soldier. The film ends with scorched earth and a faint smell of moth-balls.

Ida Lupino isn't bad, but she isn't so very good, either, as the English girl of no family, and the script doesn't overburden her with opportunities. Paul Henreid plays Count Orvid with an aristocratic indifference to the more bourgeois qualities, such as acting. Mr. Henreid has elegance, and is one of the smoothest performers on the screen with a cigarette, but a part involving the display of complicated emotion is still apt to get him down.

"Going My Way" (Plaza, July 13) stars BING CROSBY *as Father O'Malley, young and progressive curate, sent to St. Dominic's Church to reorganise it, and, with his unorthodox methods, coming up against his seniors and parishioners. Carol James* (JEAN HEATHER) *has ambitions to sing, and becomes involved with a local young man. The film is full of song, and under Bing's tuition the church's choir becomes famous.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

CORPORAL G. E. TANDY, *for acting "human rudder" for 14 sea miles on a damaged assault craft on D-Day.*

THROUGH shell-fire, teller-mines and beach obstacles, CORPORAL G. E. TANDY, R.M., steered his damaged assault craft on D-day for miles, hanging over the stern and guiding the rudder with his foot till he reached the Normandy shore. There was a high sea running, and the small craft, bobbing up and down, fouled the big hook which had lowered her into the water from her parent infantry landing ship's davits. The hook carried away the steering-wheel and shattered the engine-room telegraph. Owing to the swell it was impossible to steer the craft by her engines, so Tandy slipped over the square stern, placed one foot on the rudder guard-rail, and controlled the rudder with the other foot. High out of the water one moment, plunged armpit deep into the sea the next, he steered his little ship 7 miles to the shore and 7 miles back to her parent ship. He is nineteen years old, was an auto-machinist before joining the Royal Marines in 1942.

GENERAL EISENHOWER—*for cleaning up at the Normandy beach-heads.*

DONALD DUCK—*for being the most widely travelled duck in the world, and the only one to wear the ribbon of the Africa Star.*

MASCOT of a battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, DONALD joined up in Iraq in 1942 as potential Christmas dinner. Reprieved from this gastronomic fate by the unexpected arrival of turkeys, he was taken to Tunisia, Sicily and the Anzio beach-head. He wears his ribbon of the Africa Star with a soldierly air, being certainly the only domestic duck in the world with a right to the honour.

AT a forward position in France during his recent tour of the beach-heads with the American Service Chiefs, GENERAL EISENHOWER found he needed a cooling wash and brush up. This he achieved in the classic manner, from an enamel bowl, and beautifully clean towels and soap held by T/S. Alex Stout, of Louisiana. Some people might look upon the action as symbolic of things to come!

MRS. R. S. HUDSON, *wife of the Minister of Agriculture, for making her husband use the spade and put his back into it.*

THE American-born wife of the Minister of Agriculture, MRS. R. S. HUDSON, got her husband to put his theories into practice by a personal use of the spade. She wanted to plant laburnums in tubs outside the hostel they were both fitting up for the Women's Land Army, so she arranged for him to go down to Wimbledon, dig up some soil, load it into sacks, which he carried on his back to the van, and take it up to the hostel for her.

A SECOND Bar to his D.S.O. has been awarded to Wing/Cdr. JOHN RANDALL DANIEL BRAHAM, who already holds the D.F.C. and two Bars. This twenty-four-year-old Second Tactical Air Force Mosquito pilot from Bath has destroyed at least twenty-nine enemy 'planes in combat, and he is Britain's top-scoring pilot still flying on "ops." "His achievements are a splendid testimony to his courage and fighting spirit," runs the citation.

W/CDR. J. R. D. BRAHAM, *top-scoring fighter pilot—for his string of decorations—three D.S.O.s and three D.F.C.s.*

TEMP.-LIEUT. JOHN BRIDGE—*for adding a G.C. to his G.M. and Bar, refusing "to tell," and saying it was all in the day's work.*

THE George Cross has been awarded to Temp.-Lieut. JOHN BRIDGE, R.N.V.R., of Warrington, Lancashire. He already holds the George Medal (1940) and Bar (1941). No details are given of his latest

[*Continued opposite.*

Continued.]

deeds, but the "London Gazette" stated that the honour was for great gallantry and undaunted devotion to duty. Lieut. Bridge was formerly a physics master at Firth Park Grammar School, Sheffield. Since he joined the Navy, soon after the war started, he has worked on bomb disposal. He has had much service on the South Coast, in Scotland, South Africa, Malta, Sicily and Italy.

ON THE DAY HE ENTERED ROME: GENERAL MARK CLARK'S MOTHER, WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

MRS. CHARLES C. CLARK, *the General's mother, is a "pin-up" fan. On her bedroom walls are many portraits and newspaper cuttings of her son, General Eisenhower, and a painting of Napoleon.*

When they got the news of General Mark Clark's entry with the Fifth Army into Rome, his wife and daughter ANN *followed events on the map.*

JUNE 5, the day when General Mark W. Clark, hon. K.B.E., Commander of the Fifth Army, entered Rome, was a great day in the Washington home of his mother, MRS. CHARLES C. CLARK, and of his wife and daughter, Ann. They had followed every inch of the Fifth Army's progress on the map, right up to the historic day when General Clark entered the Eternal City at its head. On May 1 General Alexander presented General Clark with an honorary K.B.E., with which the King will invest him at some future date. The citation referred to the fine qualities as leader and commander which General Clark had shown in forcing the enemy back from Salerno to Cassino. When, in December last, President Roosevelt flew to Sicily on his way home from Teheran, he decorated General Clark with the D.S.C. for extraordinary heroism in action.

NOVELIST WIFE OF OUR
DAPHNE DU MAURIER IN THE

Mrs. Browning (Daphne du Maurier), wife of Lieut.-General F. A. M. ("Tommy") Browning, Commander of the British Airborne Forces, waves good-bye to her children as they start on a cycling expedition.

Music-lesson time at the Brownings' Cornish home: MRS. BROWNING *gives* TESSA *practical instruction, while* FLAVIA, *perched near the window, studies theory all on her own.*

TESSA *(right) and* FLAVIA *are studying at their desks in the nursery, under the tuition of their mother,* MRS. BROWNING; *but young, carefree* CHRISTIAN *is just enjoying a rocking-horse ride.*

The sub-tropical climate of the "Cornish Riviera" makes it possible for palms, hydrangeas and rare species of rhododendrons to flourish out-of-doors.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER, the well-known novelist, is the second d
of the artist-author of "Trilby," the late George du Maurier. S
of the British Airborne Forces, and has three children, Tessa, Flavia
at her lovely Cornish home. This house has a very special importanc
seller in its book form, and a most successful stage and screen play.
Jeanne, went exploring round the grounds of an empty house. They w
mansion, and then looked across the sea near which it stands. As d
of Daphne du Maurier, and she got the idea of the plot for "Rebecca.
neglected, eerie or deserted. Mrs. Browning's successful books include
"Frenchman's Creek," "Hungry Hill,"

N.B. A Coloured plate i

AIRBORNE CHIEF AT HOME: HOUSE THAT INSPIRED "REBECCA."

The Brownings' Cornish home is on the edge of the sea; our delightful group shows MRS. BROWNING, with her daughters, TESSA and FLAVIA, and her son, CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIAN is the son of a brilliant soldier, but he has naval ambitions. Seated in a dummy boat, he is learning how to row. His mother and sisters, and their pets, are also in the picture.

Schoolroom tea is a delightful function. CHRISTIAN is about to enjoy some fruit from the bowl in the centre of the table. MRS. BROWNING TESSA and FLAVIA complete the party.

Goat-keeping is one of the hobbies which the Brownings enjoy, and their goats are beloved pets. Here they are with two favourites outside the front door of their home.

ughter of the late Sir Gerald du Maurier, and a granddaughter
 is the wife of Lieut.-General F. A. M. Browning, Commander
nd Christian. Our portraits of her and the family were taken
 to Mrs. Browning, as it inspired her novel "Rebecca," a best-
ome years before her marriage she and her sisters, Angela and
ed up a long, overgrown, neglected avenue and peered into the
k fell, the eerie charm of the place worked on the imagination
' Now she and her family live in the house, which is no longer
 biography of her father, "Gerald, a Portrait," and the novels
" "Jamaica Inn," and so forth.

inserted in this issue.

D-DAY IN THE U.S.A.

New York reactions to the news that D-Day had come are recorded in these pictures. The fashionable store which closed during the first tense hours was in tune with the general feeling.

Wives of Invasion leaders sent personal messages to their husbands and the troops from the studio of the National Broadcasting Co., Washington, D.C. They are (l. to r.) MRS. STARK, *wife of Admiral H. R. Stark, O.C. U.S. Naval Forces in Europe;* MRS. SPAATZ, *wife of Lieut.-General Carl Spaatz, G.O.C. U.S. Strategic Air Force;* MRS. DOOLITTLE, *wife of Lieut.-General J. H. Doolittle, G.O.C. Eighth U.S. Army Air Force; and* MRS. KIRK, *wife of Rear-Admiral A. G. Kirk, O.C. U.S. Task Force (operating as part of the Combined Naval Force in England).*

At West Point, GRADUATING CADETS LINED UP ON D-DAY *to receive their diplomas, while guests and visitors watched the ceremony in the Field House.*

CADET WILLIAM D. CLARK *(l), son of Lieut.-General Mark Clark, O.C. Allied Fifth Army, and* CADET GEORGE S. PATTON, *son of Lieut.-General G. S. Patton, listened to the first invasion news over the air at West Point.*

CADET JOHN EISENHOWER *(seen with his mother,* MRS. EISENHOWER*) graduated at West Point, the U.S. Military Academy, on June 6, the day on which his father sent the Allied legions forward in the Second Front assault.*

PHOTOGENIC BALLERINA ZORINA.

VERA ZORINA, *most photogenic of ballerinas, stars in "Follow the Boys" at the Leicester Square Theatre. She plays Gloria Vance, the dancer who marries her partner, Tony West (George Raft), and achieves domestic happiness after a sad misunderstanding, and some war activities. She wears this lovely dress for a dance sequence.*

THIS ENGLAND THROUGH "THE WHITE CLIFFS," POEM

The white cliffs of Alice Duer Miller's poem as a symbolic background: IRENE DUNNE as the American girl who marries an English husband, ALAN MARSHALL.

"THE WHITE CLIFFS" is M.-G.-M.'s film version of the well-known poem by Alice Duer Miller expressing the admiration which an American learns to feel for this country. Irene Dunne plays the young U.S.A. girl who comes over to Britain for a fortnight's vacation, falls in

Summer-time in England's green and pleasant land: RODDY McDOWALL and little ELIZABETH TAYLOR, who played in "Lassie, Come Home" and "Jane Eyre," in a lovely sequence.

RODDY McDOWALL and ELIZABETH TAYLOR in a delightful sequence. Alice Duer Miller's well-known poem in praise of England has provided the basis for the story.

Serious news must be faced by the Ashley family: (l. to r.) Lady Ashley (IRENE DUNNE), her American father (FRANK MORGAN), the old Nannie (DAME MAY WHITTY), and Lady Jean Ashley (GLADYS COOPER).

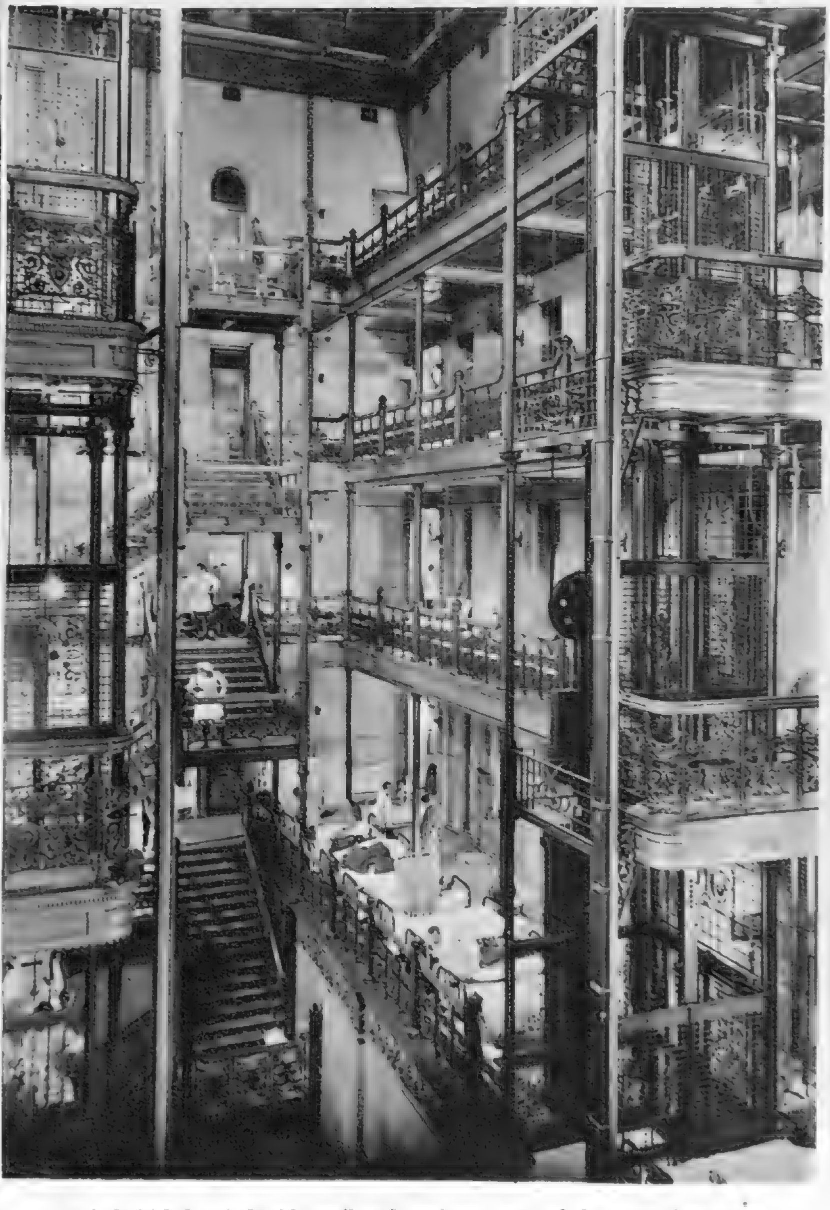
AMERICAN EYES: "THE WHITE INTO PICTURE.

love with a baronet, marries him, and stays for a lifetime. It portrays the differences between the American and British points of view, and stresses the excellent understanding which can be reached between members of the two English-speaking democracies.

Studying the news—a tense moment: Lady Jean Ashley (GLADYS COOPER; *right*), *the family Nannie* (DAME MAY WHITTY), *and the young Lady Ashley* (IRENE DUNNE; *left*).

All very correct and county: the Ashley family at home in their ancestor-hung country house; with GLADYS COOPER *as Lady Jean,* ALAN MARSHALL *as her son, and* IRENE DUNNE *as his wife.*

Congratulations! IRENE DUNNE *as the American girl, with* SIR C. AUBREY SMITH *and other members of the strong cast in a stately party sequence.*



A British hospital with staff and patients: one of the many interesting sequences illustrating life as led in this country during the early part of the war.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE NURSED BY THESE?

Left: *Brown-eyed blonde:* BETTY HALL, *daughter of the Mayor of Monett.*

Blonde, with hazel-green eyes: VIRGINIA MAYO, *from St. Louis, Mo.*

Left: *Stage girl* GLORIA ANDERSON, *who has appeared in "Hellzapoppin" and "Star and Garter."*

BELIEVE it or not, the devastating Goldwyn Girls, 1944, pictured on these pages are U.S. Army Nurses—but, alas, only in the film "UP IN ARMS" (Empire and Regal)! They are represented aboard a Pacific-bound transport, and, to quote the official description of their activities, "they exchange the tailored uniforms of the Army Nurse Corps for pastel play-suits when the

Left: *Sun-kissed* ALMA CARROLL, *Los Angeles born and bred, a former model.*

Light-brown of hair, with blue eyes: BETTYE ALEXANDER, *from Detroit.*

Blonde, with hazel-blue eyes: MARY MOORE, *stage dancer from Alabama.*

Blue-eyed blonde DIANA MUMBY, *from Detroit, Mich.*

GOLDWYN GIRLS AS U.S. ARMY NURSES—OFF DUTY!

Right: *Brown-eyed* SHELBY PAYNE, *former Holmby College graduate.*

Reddish blonde with hazel-blue eyes: LORRAINE MILLER, *from Virginia.*

Right: *Green-eyed blonde:* DOROTHY GARNER, *former newspaper reporter and cigarette girl.*

ship hits tropical waters. Every move is a pin-up picture. . . ." Then the nurses put on a big musical to entertain the G.I.s, and in these sequences wear the glamorous off-duty kit in which they are pictured. "Up in Arms" is a Technicolor comedy with music, introducing Broadway's favourite comedian, Danny Kaye, to cinema audiences. Dinah Shaw and Constance Dowling are also featured.

Right: *Former usherette at Chinese theatre: screen déb.* BETTY BRYANT.

Blue-eyed blonde JUNE LANG: *a girl with dancing and screen experience.*

Brown-haired, blue-eyed ELLEN HALL, *from Los Angeles.*

Red-head with blue eyes: AUDREY YOUNG, *tall beauty and former sales-girl.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"CRICKET COUNTRY" is ostensibly a book about cricket, written by Mr. Blunden at the suggestion of a friend; but it is much more than that. "I have regarded myself," he says, "as given a roving commission . . . but I venture to hope that I have followed a continuous, even if a winding and sometimes tangled path." The path starts in the writer's infancy, for he was bred to cricket almost from the cradle in a country village where cricket was "so native that it came to me as the air I breathed." "Those were the days of clergymen cricketers," and a sketch of the vicar who was a mainstay of the village team is the first in an enchanting series of cricketing portraits ranging from the humblest players to the greatest, and from Blythe and Armstrong and Ranji, heroes of a former day, to Bradman and Larwood and Macdonald in ours. "There were wonderful giants of old," runs a Harrow song, and in no subject is it more usual to praise the past at the expense of the present than in cricket. Mr. Blunden does not fall into this error, if error it be: he finds almost as much romance in the cricket of "the long week-end" (as someone has described the period between the wars) as in the heyday of the game before 1914. All the same, his book is, consciously or not, an essay *à la recherche du temps perdu*: an attempt not only to recapture the spirit of his own youth, but to coax the past into giving up the secret of the happiness which it possessed and we have lost.

A Pastoral Landscape. Even those who do not enjoy cricket would agree that the game takes place in pleasant surroundings, whether the venue is a village green or the ground at Lord's. A poet of country scenes and village life, Mr. Blunden is never happier than when describing them. How exact his observation is! His is an open-air world, not romanticised, sylvan but not always sunshiny, as his inauspicious prelude to one match in the book attests. The pastoral scene is one of its attractions, especially for those who have been long in city pent, but even more endearing and enduring is the charm of the landscape of the author's mind. Scented like a hayfield, it reminds one of a landscape painted by Giorgione's brush or Milton's pen, essentially English, yet glowing with the ideal beauty of the Italian Renaissance. It is also a learned mind, ripe with literary allusions and delicious parodies (Wordsworth on cricket is one of the best); but the learning is not shot at us in hard pellets, or used to bolster up arguments; Mr. Blunden does not argue, he persuades, and in his perhaps unconscious wish to avoid pretentiousness he writes in a manner which may seem over-informal until we begin to see its method and realise the difficulty of maintaining a style which is always conversational, yet never loose. To this difficulty he himself bears witness:

> It may be that experience in writing as in other recreations is a great advantage, but for my part I can never start out once more into the field of expression without the sense that this new innings is as difficult and as exacting as any that I have tried. There is no duplication of conditions, and what was proved to be the national and necessary way last week has to be resisted or, at any rate, reconsidered now that another set of facts and fancies and impressions challenges the player of words and phrases.

The Transforming Touch. Mr. Blunden has resisted the temptation to specialise that now besets all literary men. His book is an expression of his feeling for life and his sense of living, of which cricket is an infinitely elastic yet most satisfying symbol. He sees its spirit as an antidote to many of our modern ills; for in that spirit co-exist the most violent contrasts and antagonisms, yet all subdued to an intention beyond themselves that harmonises them. "The primitive is the essence of bowling," he remarks. "I should put Caliban on at both ends if I could." It is vain, he realises, to deny the apparently irreducible ferocity of human nature—life is not a game—but the balance of regulation and impulse, of initiative and routine, established by the conventions of cricket, shows how the rogue-elephant tendencies of our day might be controlled and the sum of life prove more satisfying than the exaggeration of its parts. To realise this intellectually is not enough; we must see its working illustrated in a state of mind. And here, in "Cricket Country," this state of mind is spread out before us like a panorama, in the lovely context of which everything that jars, though visible and confessed and regretted, is touched by a loving and transforming poetry that harmonises it with the whole.

The Irish in Fiction. I hope it does not sound insulting or patronising to say it, but the Irish make good material for fiction because they are "nearer to Nature" than the people of many other countries. At least, this is how their novelists tend to portray them, and Mr. Frank O'Connor is no exception. In the main, the short stories in "Crab Apple Jelly" are populated by characters who are either very simple or very shrewd, or both very simple and very shrewd. They are almost innocent of self-consciousness; entirely, and some may think refreshingly, without self-knowledge; and they have little philosophy to interpose between themselves and the crude shock of events; they are also full of stratagems and wiles, and behave as if life were a matter of playing a trump card at the right moment.

Visually, Mr. O'Connor sees them in a Rowlandsonian fashion, as grotesques:

> One was a tall, gaunt man with a long, sour, melancholy face which looked particularly hideous because it sported a youthful pink and white complexion and looked exactly like the face of an old hag heavily made up. He wore a wig and carried a rolled-up umbrella behind his back as though supporting his posterior.

And the eye he turns on a lady is often anything but gallant. The heroine of his longest story, the unpredictable Rita, is described as "a tall, bony string of a girl with a long and obstinate jaw." "A fellow that really cared for her," said her unaffectionate sister Kitty, making a first-rate Irish bull, "would kill her."

Sunt lacrimæ rerum. In many cases, the behaviour of his characters conforms to their appearances—that is to say, it is ugly, angular and awkward. I must add that there are no informers or political murders, or, as far as I recollect, any bloodshed in the book; there is a certain amount of ill-feeling, but it usually ends in *grotesquerie*, as when a miser, reputed rich, and an object of benevolent, but not single-minded, interest to the parish priest, two nuns and his own servant, dies without leaving any money at all. But all the same, Mr. O'Connor's heart is a good deal less hard than his eye is harsh. His gargoyles have human feelings beneath their rugged exteriors, and he, and his reader, sometimes drop a tear for them. The two monks, belonging to an Order which forbade conversation, manage to confide to each other their deplorable weaknesses, one for the bottle, the other for the racing news; it is not till the end that we realise how deeply they have engaged our sympathy; just as it is not till the end of the Grand Vizier's story that we realise how much the narrator must have suffered. Mr. O'Connor grinds together some very hard, forbidding rocks, and lo! a tear like a diamond. The episode of the two priests visiting the French captain on his ship to retrieve two rather flighty girl parishioners who were gladdening the hearts of the sailors, is my favourite story in the collection.

Education of a Heart. "The Unready Heart" makes a promising start. Barbara Loomis, a play-girl out for a good time, is caught by the war. The Call-up and the Ministry of Labour are both after her, but by taking up one reserved occupation after another she manages to dodge them. She called this process "trying to do what she was best fitted to do." Broadcasting House seemed to offer a temporary refuge, and here she met Doris, whose health exempted her from the attentions of Government sleuths and who had, moreover, to work for a living. Doris's husband, a mere corporal, and not even in the Guards, is serving abroad.

The two girls, the escapist and the participant, are contrasted, effectively, if not very subtly. The education of Barbara's heart is begun by one American, a journalist who does not disguise his disapproval of her attitude, and carried on by another; sympathy with Doris, whose husband is missing, helps to soften her. Mr. Richard Sherman makes good, if not distinguished, use of his material, and he does a service to international understanding by the way he drags into the open small differences of speech and outlook which excite amusement when ventilated, but fester if repressed.

Rural Risks. Once upon a time before the war, rural England was chiefly esteemed for its foxes and pheasants in winter, and flowers and fresh air in summer. But war has given the country another string to its bow; alien personalities have invaded it, seeking not solace for the spirit but security for the body. Many have found there an ennui which made even safety dearly bought; but in "Travelling Butcher" the country provided excitement in abundance even if the casualty list was abnormally high. Indeed, blitz-torn London might well have been regarded as a haven by the inhabitants of Lady Gloam's cottage. Mrs. Campbell excels at throwing across ordinary situations a shadow that makes the air turn chill and the scalp prickly. Nor do the chief characters do much to allay our sense of uneasiness; clear-cut and grasping or vague and menacing, patrician egoist and plebeian fortune-hunter, one and all are capable, if not of everything, at least of five out of the seven deadly sins.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Cricket Country. By Edmund Blunden. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Crab Apple Jelly. By Frank O'Connor. (*Macmillan; 7s. 6d.*)
The Unready Heart. By Richard Sherman. (*Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.*)
Travelling Butcher. By Alice Campbell. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)

THE LONDON GALLERIES.

Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, *Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1.*

Paintings by Official War Artists. Canadian War Paintings. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.*

Paintings and Water-colours by Selected Artists. *Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, W.1.*

Artists of Fame and of Promise, Part I. *Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, W.1.* July 5-August 2.

Early English Water-colours. *Walker Gallery, 118, New Bond Street, W.1.*

R.B.A. and R.O.I. Combined Exhibition. *Suffolk Street Galleries, Pall Mall East.* Closes July 8.

Indian Art Exhibition, with lectures. *Alpine Club Gallery, 74, South Audley Street, W.1.*

BESPECTACLED, BEFRILLED, DOUBLE-DISTILLED BETTY GRABLE OF "PIN-UP GIRL."

In stenographer's get-up, begoggled Lorry Jones sings "Don't Carry Tales Out of School" to Charlie Spivak's band.

Back to glamour, frills and feathers, Miss Lorraine shows her famous legs in a dance.

BETTY GRABLE, American Forces No. 1 Pin-Up Girl, U.S. Navy's Fleet Sweetheart, stars in Twentieth Century-Fox's new Technicolor musical "Pin-Up Girl," due in London early July. As Lorry Jones, life and soul of an Army camp, she has imagination, wits and ambition which soar away from her Civil Service typist's job. Pushing a typewriter is a nobody's job, she tells friend Kay, and they crash in on a party at the Chartreuse Club given by Eddie Hall (Joe E. Brown) and Molly McKay (Martha Raye), and attach to themselves two of Molly's boy-friends. Typewriting in goggles by day as Lorry, glamour singing to Charlie Spivak's night-club band at night as Miss Lorraine leads to complications and deceptions, for she keeps her two selves apart, which is difficult if you work in the same building as your night-club boy-friends.

MUTINY AT "THE TOWERS."*

By N. G. STRONG.

WHEN George and I arrived at Mudsea Naval Base, we found we were to be on Lojuncomp. But, of course, Dear People, you don't know what that funny word means, do you?

Well, when you join the Navy, your pay doesn't include your keep. No, indeed. The Admiralty also undertakes to give you a berth on a ship, and food—or rather, Rations. But not all sailors are on ships. For it must be obvious to what is usually called the meanest intelligence that some sailors have to be left ashore to catch the ends of the ropes thrown by those who go to sea when they come back and wish to tie their ship to the land to stop it going to sea again.

And naturally these Rope-Catchers have to have officers to organise them, and the officers in turn have to have Wrens not only for company, but to do the typing and the fire-watching and to drive the cars ridden in by the officers when organising the Rope-Catchers. And the whole Rope-Catching community requires a thing called an Admiralty to run it — well, not so much to run it as to receive its quadruplicate monthly returns of the number of ropes caught, etc. So you can see that the question of accommodating these shipless Rope-Catchers presented the Admiralty with a pretty problem. But an Admiralty, of course, is unconfoundable, and they very soon instituted a scheme known as Living Ashore. This is nothing very frightening. It merely means that you find your own digs, and the Admiralty provides you with a Lodging Allowance instead of a ship, and a Compensation Allowance for having to eat food instead of Rations.

The whole thing is known colloquially as being on "Lodge and Comp," or, even more colloquially, Lojuncomp.

Well, then . . .

When George and I arrived at Mudsea Naval Base, we found we were to be on Lojuncomp. Naturally, we were delighted, and immediately jumped back into his car and drove as far as possible along the road out of Mudsea until we reached the last house before you get to the open country. Here we enquired if they could put us up. They could. Moreover, the landlady kept chickens, she was a personal friend of the butcher and her brother was a local farmer (which, incidentally, solved the petrol problem as well). This proved very satisfactory, and all we had to do, apart from an occasional spasm of organising Rope-Catchers, was to wait in comfort for the war to finish.

But, of course, Dear People, you are not deceived, are you? Perhaps you have already guessed that such happy times could not last, even in a story. Would that I could close my tale here. But no! The cruel facts must be unfolded.

Well, the first cruel fact was that a new Admiral was put in charge of the Base; and he swept through it like a cold, north-east wind. He very soon made an order that everyone on Lojuncomp was to live within five minutes of the Base. True, some plausible reason was given about "exercising greater control in case of emergency," but we all knew it was just a piece of silly spite because the Admiral had to live in official quarters. Besides, who ever heard of an emergency at Mudsea? Had he realised it, the Admiral himself constituted the only one the place had ever known.

Still, an order's an order; so we sighed, shrugged and moved into "The Towers." This was the only Paying Guestery still functioning in Mudsea, and it was run, naturally, by a silver-haired Decayed Gentlewoman.

She ran it like one of the Stately Homes of England, and charged double Lojuncomp. There were two servants (somehow), morning prayers and immaculate silver and glass. From the walls of the dining-room two portraits of the family sons, a Brigadier and a Commander, looked coldly down; not so much surveying the scene as carrying out a perpetual inspection.

Everything seemed of the best, until it came to food. There just wasn't any. Unless, that is, you regard a slice of dry bread for breakfast as food. True, it was toasted and cut into two equilateral triangles. True also that one triangle, surmounted with Euclidean neatness by two hemispheres of nearly-grilled tomato, was proffered deferentially on a silver dish: and the other one was put in a Georgian toast-rack for afterwards. But of what George and I were accustomed to regard as food, there was a genteel lack.

We weren't ever in for lunch, but when, on our first day at "The Towers," we arrived back soon after five hoping for a good English tea, we found merely an indefinable air of its having been served about an hour before, at a more modish time. There was nothing to do but sit waiting as politely as our insubordinate inner selves would allow, until 7.30, when Dinner was Served.

It was preceded by grace and, with the unspoken permission of the Brigadier and the Commander, it proceeded with soup, of which little can be said.

It was never possible to appreciate its flavour to the full, as one scoop of the heavy silver spoon was sufficient to transfer the regulation issue from plate to mouth; though, for the stateliness of England, one continued to go through the motions. For the next course we got an irregular shaving of mutton, of miraculous translucence, accompanied by *pommes de terre Anglaises*, or rather, *une pomme de terre Anglaise*, and some fragments of the freshwater algæ. The sweet, like all true gourmets, we skipped; at least, with a pretty deference to our taste, it was skipped for us. Instead, we had half a wheat biscuit and a small cube of cheese. Then a bowl of fruit was whisked round under the noses of the guests, just as our hostess rose from the table, and the dismal meal was over. A meal made more uncomfortable, for us at any rate, by the brooding portraits on the wall. For, even in two dimensions, Brass Hats still make us feel uneasy . . .

Something had to be done, and during the next few days we held many counsels of war; but we remained just as hungry. First we tried to get round the cook, but she was incorruptible; and had a moustache. Then we sounded the other guests, but were met with the raised eyebrow. They were all elderly, and long years of residence had induced a desiccated apathy to food. George did try to stage a one-man mutiny at the morning prayers by intoning "A little less sanctity and a little more sustenance" instead of the responses. But his voice lacked the Nelson touch, and was lost in the prevailing murmur.

Finally, we had to adopt a policy of gradual propaganda, and started by introducing the idea of porridge as a breakfast dish.

"It'd help to fill up before the edible geometry," said George. "We'll begin by talking about the traditions of our Scottish ancestry. That'll fetch the old lady."

So during the next few days our hostess was delighted to find that her two latest guests seemed to be taking a more active part in the table-talk. We sang the praises of the proud Scots race with hypocritical liveliness: we touched on their natural good breeding and admired their noble traditions; and, by tortuous logic and combined reasoning, we showed that their ancestral superiority was due to that aristocratic national dish, porridge.

The old lady didn't seem to take the hint at first, then suddenly she brightened and appeared to cotton on.

"Why, I've never thought of it before," she said. "Would you like porridge for breakfast?"

"Why—oh—but——" we mumbled, overwhelmed by success. "We didn't mean—we mustn't trouble you—well—er—yes, thank you, we should like it very much." ("That ought to clinch it," murmured George.)

We awoke next morning in that mood of excited anticipation known to small boys on birthdays. We dressed light-heartedly, and I fancy I even heard George singing in his bath. Then we nipped down to the dining-room just in time for the opening of the service round the rather bare-looking table.

With reverently lowered heads, we had contrived by the end of the Psalm to slew ourselves round sufficiently to obtain a view of the sideboard.

Yes! There it was! A large, steaming bowl of porridge; and in due course we received our share. Not very much, but we made the most of it; and, anyway, it was a start. It was not until I was scraping up the last spoonful that I saw how we had been tricked. I realised suddenly why the table looked bare. There were no knives and forks. Yes, we were having porridge for breakfast all right. Just porridge.

It was then that I understood how a mutiny starts. It begins with a surge of indignation, which sweeps over you, hesitates for a second while your mind contemplates the frustrations of the past and a hungry future, and leaves you with a cold, venomous fury. Rude or not, I'd tell the old lady! Starving us like that! With fire in my heart I squared my shoulders and sought for words. But as I raised my burning eyes they met, with a sort of ethereal collision, those of the Brass Hats on the wall. They looked steadily back at me, with the level glance of men accustomed to command, to quell ugly situations with a frown. Fascinated, unable to withdraw my gaze, I stared back as if mesmerised. I fancied the room had grown dark, and through a misty blur I saw only those two unflinching faces. They appeared to grow bigger, to be coming out at me from the wall. It may have been the quivering anger which unsettled me; it may have been that I was faint and light-headed from hunger; or it may have been just imagination. But, in that moment, I heard a voice. A voice which sounded clearly, quietly, in my ear. The combined voice of generations of Brass Hats, growling its challenge:

"Well? Any complaints?"

I dropped my eyes, licked my spoon and meekly reached for my allotted triangle of toast.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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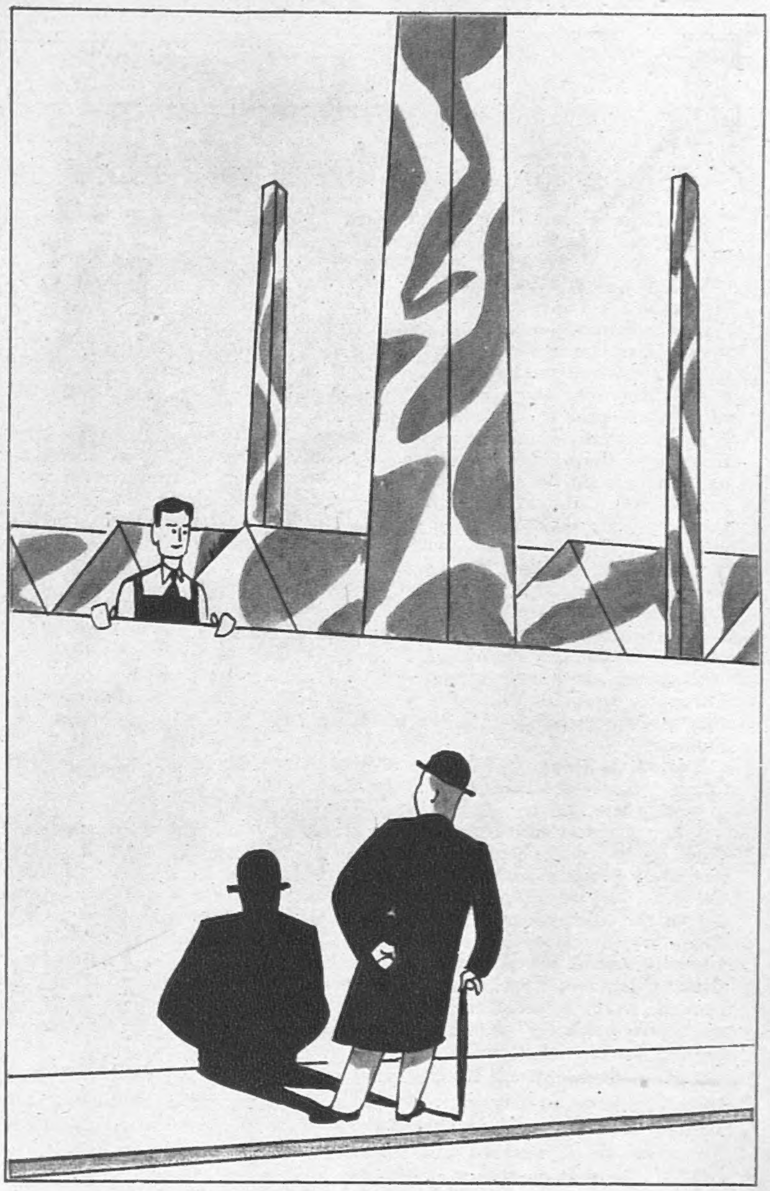

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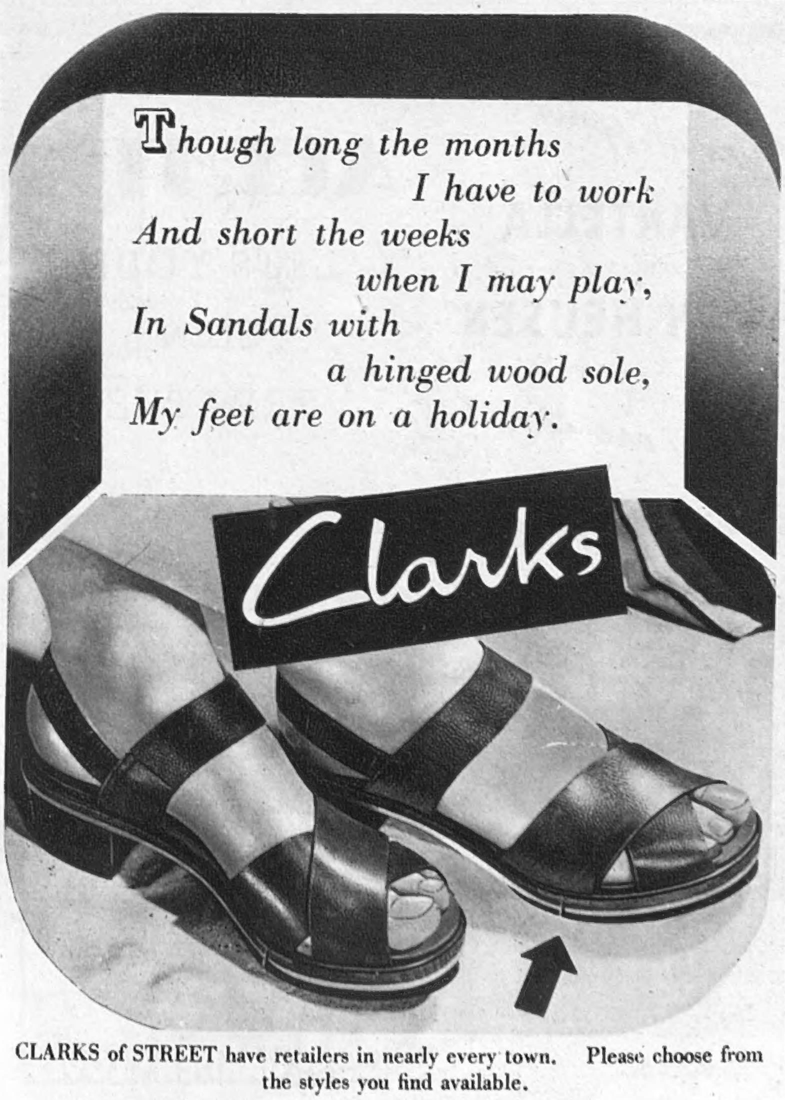
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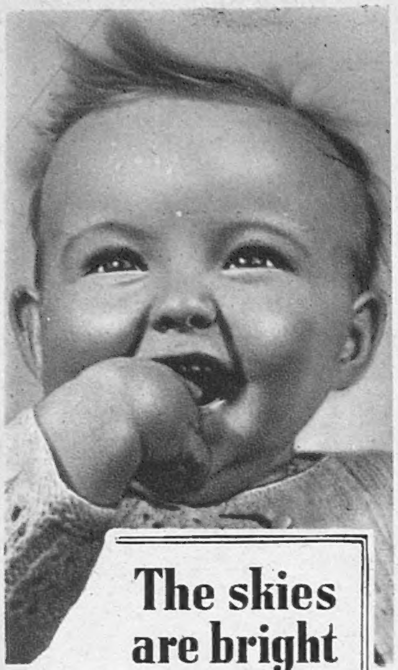

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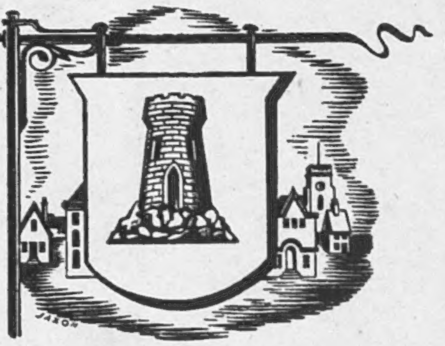

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